

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 1853.

## SMALL FOX GONE.

Last Monday we noticed the fact that two children with the small fox were landed here from a boat, and that they were immediately taken to a solitary house down the river. They were kept there until their death, which took place sometime last week. As there are no other cases, we may congratulate our citizens and the country that the ugly monster is gone.

**Monroe House.**—This hotel continues to fulfill the promise made at the commencement, by keeping up a very excellent table. Yesterday the new features of strawberries and cream was introduced at dinner, to add to the enjoyment of an already luxurious table. Mr. Shotwell is resolved to be successful, and he is rapidly extending the area of his popularity.

## Census for 1850.

In these Reports, but lately published, we find many curious, as well as interesting statistical facts.

In Missouri, estimated for the 1st of June, 1850, we find, of lands held as private property, the following facts:

|                         |                  |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| Improved lands,         | 2,938,425 acres. |
| Unimproved lands,       | 6,794,245 "      |
| Total,                  | 9,732,670 "      |
| Whole Value,            | \$63,225,543.    |
| Average Value per acre, | \$6.50.          |

These are the amounts and values rendered by the owners to the officers taking the Census.

These facts show that less than one third of the lands, held as private property are improved, and in cultivation; and that, including improvements, the average value was only six dollars and fifty cents per acre, as estimated by their owners. It shows, also, how small a proportion of the lands of the State had been reduced to private ownership and cultivation.

We know, however, that within the last three years, an immense quantity, perhaps 50 per cent, has been entered and reduced to private ownership, but not a tithe of this has been reduced to cultivation. It shows, also, that looking to the character of the soil, as indicated by the productions, under the proper head, our lands are rated much lower than the lands of other States of similar character.

A comparison of price with production, shows, conclusively, that we generally undervalue our lands, as compared with other States. Lands adapted to planting and farming, with equal fertility of soil, and superior commercial facilities, are certainly more valuable, for farming purposes, alone, than locations and States which have not those facilities, or have them in part only.

## INDEPENDENCE.

No man is independent. Society is founded on the principle that individuals are mutually dependent. A man cannot be entirely free from the influence of those by whom he is surrounded, unless he withdraws to a hermit's cave, or until he retires into his grave. It is the necessity that one man should supply another's wants, which produces this, and the farther society advances from its primitive stages, the more distinctly marked appears this condition of dependence.

**RAILROADS AND PLANK ROADS.**—We learn from a gentleman who returned last Saturday from a tour through several western counties, that the interest in the North Missouri Railroad continues unabated. The people of Monroe county, he thinks, will vote for a subscription of stock to that road—the amount to be \$100,000, provided it passes through Paris, and \$50,000, if it passes elsewhere through Monroe county.

The \$40,000 subscription to the Hannibal, Rails County and Paris Plank Road, he thinks will be defeated. They will regret this, if they thus throw by a certainty for an uncertainty. Besides, they cannot have command of too many good markets.

A vote has been taken in Randolph county, on a proposition to subscribe \$75,000 stock in the North Missouri Road. Result not yet learned.

Boone and Callaway counties seem to be much interested in the work, and it is thought that each will subscribe \$100,000.

The work is progressing on the Huntsville and Glasgow Plank Road, and the plank has been laid on seven or eight miles.

A. W. Rush, Esq., who has been engaged in locating the donated Railroad lands, left for Washington City, this morning, to make his report.

Thos. E. Thompson, Esq., will leave for the East, next Monday—also on Railroad business.

## THE WORK ON THE RAILROAD.

As some information is desired as to the progress of the work, we will state that the work of grading has been commenced on a portion of the road, beginning just outside the city limits, and extending about two miles, or to a point in the neighborhood of Mr. Durr's. One culvert on this portion of the road is finished, and another nearly completed. The rock has been hauled for the bridge over Minnow Branch. The Contractor for the masonry of the South River bridge has opened a very fine quarry, and the clearing across the bottom is nearly completed. The grading will be commenced in a few days.

The work there will be heavy—a portion of the embankment will have to be fifty feet high.—On six miles the other side of Palmyra, Messrs. Kim & Brewington have the contract for the grading, and are busily employed with their grading machine. Mr. Elliott, contractor for the masonry on this section, has opened quarries, and will be at work on the masonry in a few days.

The Railroad has been located for a distance of fifty-two miles from this city, to a point about fifteen miles beyond Salt River. The last fifteen miles will be a beautiful route, perfectly straight, and will be straight for a distance of four or five miles more.—We understand that after the meeting of the Board of Directors, which will be day after to-morrow, it is Mr. Durr's intention to place under contract the remainder of the fifty-two miles located.

**Court of Common Pleas.**—John B. Helm, Esq., was last Saturday elected Judge of the Hannibal Court of Common Pleas—without opposition.

**BUFFALO, May 27.** The New School Assembly Committee reported a rebuke to the Oswego Presbyterians for refusing to send delegates while the Assembly was connected with slaveholders.

A Committee was appointed to draft resolutions, asking the government to interfere to prevent oppression for conscience sake.

**ALMOST ANOTHER ACCIDENT.**—On the 24th, while a train of cars on the Eastern Railroad, Mass., were approaching Salem river, the Railroad Bridge took fire, and the cars could not be stopped before reaching the Bridge. The engineer, therefore, put on steam and rushed across in safety.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer announces the invention of a form of road and improved locomotives which will safely carry the mails and passengers at the rate of one hundred miles per hour. The writer further says he has been made acquainted with the details of these improvements, "which are so palpably correct in theory, and feasible in practice, that every civil engineer and railroad man will, on examination, at once recognize and admit them as the desideratum, even to the extent of safety and speed above indicated." Congress is to be petitioned to buy the patent for America.

**Wasn't invited to the Wool Picking.** The following amusing epistle is a bona fide production. It fell into the hands of one of our merchants by accident. The letter was written by one lady to another, both living some seventy miles distant from this city:

Mrs. — I suppose you thought you were very sly about your wool picking; And that no one would find it out; Well I glory in your spunk for when I don't want any one at my house I don't invite them; But when any one offends me I generally tell them of it. But when any one does the best they can I am not offended at them at all.

Now I suppose if I had of had biscuits I could have had you to tea Sunday evening. And if I had known you were so poorly I should have dusted the barrel rather than offend you; But please excuse me this time. And next time I send for you I will be better prepared; And though I take it as a slight; you never can offend me by not asking me to a wool picking.

However I received some of the cakes. And wish to know who baked them for I am determined to take lessons under who ever it was and learn how to make such excellent cakes; for I expect to make a wool picking some day and I want to have some cakes; And I expect to pick my company too; If it is your wheel that hurts you; you can have it any time; And set Nett up stairs as soon as you please; Now you need no apologies for if you could not send for me; how did you send for the rest of your crowd; I suppose you were not here Sunday And I learn you invited some on your way home; I am just glad you did not ask me for I have my cooking to do and I should not expect to get my hands clean soon after picking your wool.

I expect to go to see Mrs. — tomorrow and would have asked you to go along; But since you have got so high flung you can stay at home.

hoping that you got your wool well picked; And had an agreeable crowd I shall close;

Your most obt humble

servant

W—

**The Mole a Sub-Cultivator.** Even your tiny mole is a ruthless beast of the field; to slugs, and snails, and caterpillars, and such land-sucking fry, a fierce sub-investigator, in his way; but his track turns up some pretty cultivation; it only wants spreading, far and wide. It is not so wise to throttle him as you think. I grieve to see him hanging gibbeted, his clever paddles stepped by cruel ignorance. For he is your only granulation matter; he taught us drainage, and sub-cultivation, and we shall learn of him another and a greater lesson some day, and call him a prophet, when we've done hanging him, and have got some speculation in our own eyes, whose sense is shut at present, instead of saying he can't see.—Tulpa; or the Chronicle of a Clay Farm.

**CORRESPONDENCE OF THE JOURNAL.** Louisville, May 21, 1853.

Mr. Editor: I will not promise you anything spicy, or extremely interesting, in this epistle, as this city is somewhat deficient in material of which to manufacture a readable letter. Having promised so much, I will next inform you that the usually

ribundant visage of old Sol was more inflamed than usual to-day, for the reflection caused the face of old Nature "to fairly blaze."

The great contest of speed between the fine steamers Eclipse and A. L. Shotwell, from New Orleans to this port, has just closed, (the former having arrived here several days ago, and the latter reaching this port on yesterday evening,) and in the annals of steamboating, since the first successful introduction of steam upon the Western waters, there has not been so much excitement in these parts as to the relative speed of boats, as in the recent contest between the Eclipse and the A. L. Shotwell. Large wagers have been made and lost, and confidence remained undiminished, up to the last moment, that the latter would eclipse the unparalleled time made by the former, in her recent trip from New Orleans. Considering the immense distance, and the few opportunities of learning the "touching points," the inducements to excitement were very great. Last evening Portland (the river being too low at this time for boats to pass over the Falls) was literally crammed with eager faces, on the quays to greet the first indication of the arrival of the Shotwell. The very moment of time was calculated that she should arrive. The time of the Shotwell, from port to port, was 4 days, 9 hours, and 29 minutes, beating the Eclipse 2 minutes.

The time of the Shotwell is disputed this morning, the friends of the Eclipse claiming to have won by 20 minutes.

Matt F. Ward, Esq., the accomplished young author of "English Items," and "Letters from Three Continents," yesterday morning espoused the beautiful Miss Amy Key, one among the most admired belles of this city. They immediately left for the country, to pass the honeymoon amid the groves and flowers, and those sequestered scenes of rural beauty and quietude—most fitting shrine of Hymen, in his most "love-enlightened hours."

I learn from a letter published in the Journal, from Frankfort, that John P. Leavy, U. S. Mail Agent for Kentucky and Tennessee, who was recently arrested in this city for robbing the mail, and who was sent to Frankfort to answer the charge, pleaded guilty to committing the theft. He declares that the crime was committed while he was laboring under mental aberration. The Court took time till yesterday to pronounce judgment.

Respectfully,

T. P. M.

## FROM PAPERS RECEIVED YESTERDAY.

The Louisiana papers state that the Commissioners appointed at the last term of the Pike county Circuit Court, to assess the damages against the plank road company, alleged to have been sustained by the various parties along the line of the road, who had instituted suits for trespass, closed an entire week's labors on Saturday last. Each case was acted on separately and the verdict of the commissioners sealed and returned to the clerk of the Circuit Court, with an order to not open it till the next term of the Circuit Court, leaving the parties themselves and all others entirely in the dark, as to the amount of damages awarded the complainants. It is thought, however, that the damages assessed, will fall immeasurably short of the amounts respectively claimed by the petitioners in their trespass bills.

The Board of Publication of the Old School Presbyterians, report to the General Assembly, now in session at Philadelphia, that sales during the year amount to nearly \$70,000.

By the Presbyterian Old School General Assembly, May 29th—

On motion of Dr. Breckenridge it was unanimously resolved, that a first class Theological Seminary be established in the West, New Albany, Illinois; St. Louis, Nashville, Danville and Cincinnati, were named as locations.

Dr. Wood advocated New Albany as a speech of some length, urging the proposition of the directors of the establishment now there to transfer to the General Assembly all control of the institutions and funds of the projected school to be established.

Dr. Breckenridge discussed the claims of the Old School Lane Seminary at Cincinnati. Adjourned.

The British government has complained of depredations committed by the Americans at the Falkland Islands, and a force has been sent there by our Government, to protect the citizens and property.

In the Norfolk Vao, district, John S. Millren, democrat, is elected to Congress.

The Whigs of Linn county are almost to a man for Col. Jo. Davis, of Fayette, as the Whig candidate for Congress in the third district.

The Glasgow Times learns that arrangements are being made for the establishment of a Whig Paper in Chillicothe, at an early day.

It is estimated that there will be 100,000 visitors to the new York Crystal Palace, who will spend ten millions of dollars in that city in three months.

A shaver has lately landed some 850 Africans in Cuba.

Cincinnati has 558 gambling places, of all kinds.

A Baptist preacher named Carroway, a citizen of Hyde county, lately, on some frivolous pretext, knocked his wife down with a chair, and then seized a large stick and continued to beat her, until a man named Lassiter, who was boarding in the house, intervened to prevent her being murdered. Whereupon Carroway took his gun to shoot Lassiter, but he disarmed him and left the house.

A few days afterwards, Lassiter chanced to go by the house, which stood near the public road, when Carroway, seeing him pass, took his gun and ran through his field to cut him off, and overtaking him in the Savannah, shot him dead; then took his victim and carried him some half mile into the swamp, threw him down into the mud, and stamped him below the surface of the mud, covered him with brush, then ran off, made his escape from the county, and eluded pursuit.

He had been married three times, and circumstances have now come out, which strangely indicate that both of his deceased wives came to their deaths by his hands!

The Northern and Southern students at the Law College at Cambridge, Mass., recently got into a difficulty about slavery

and the Faculty had to interfere to prevent bloodshed.

In New York, recently, as six females were performing in the grand race at the Hippodrome, the horse ridden by Madame Caroline, from some cause or other, stumbled and fell on one side. The fair rider was thrown upon the ground, and before she could recover her feet, the animal rolled completely over her. The female on the following horse did not observe the accident, in consequence of being so close behind; the animal, however, was wide awake, and drawing his two fore feet together, made a most elegant leap over the fallen horse and rider.

The attendants came up in a moment and conveyed Madame Caroline unconscious from the ground. The performances were continued without intermission, in order to allay any excitement, but as to the extent of the accident there was no satisfactory information.

A fatal accident occurred to one of the female performers some time since, by the wheel of a chariot coming off.

**TRIAL OF MARY ANN WHEELER.**—The trial of the above named, for the killing of John W. M. Luce, of Milwaukee, came on in the Circuit Court of Wisconsin on the 16th.

The Milwaukee Sentinel says: Much sympathy exists to exist in favor of the unfortunate girl; there is no doubt of the most criminal conduct on the part of Luce, not perfect heartless boasting to his associates of his treatment of this poor girl. That Luce was not fit to live, the facts in the case show; that she is not accountable for murder in killing him, is for the law to decide.

It will be remembered she shot her seducer down in the street of Milwaukee, using a revolver for the purpose.

## Frank Howard.

OR GETTING AN ENDORSEMENT.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

The business was finished at last, much to the regret of my handsome friend, who when he had got into the street, fell straightway into a fit of abstraction, and had walked half way across Charlestown bridge on his way home before he happened to think that he lived at the South End.

It was all up with poor Frank; he had fallen in love—was stark, staring mad in love—with whom he knew not, for it was well known that Mr. Allen had no daughter. She was a relative, however, for she bore his name.

But if Frank was in love, there was some consolation in the fact that the fair creature who had stolen his heart, was in the same predicament.

The next day she came a shopping at his store, and the next, and the next; indeed, almost every day. No conversation had passed between them, and though he had been introduced on the evening of his visit, he had been too much overwhelmed to use words.

My friend, however, did not lack that necessary attribute of a successful lover, namely, vulgarly called "spunk." He had no further business with the merchant; but then his case was a desperate one, so he made an errand.

Miss Allen blushed as he entered, but she was agreeable and sociable to the last degree.—So much so that the bells rang for nine o'clock before he knew it. The ice was broken, and my friend was in for it.

The lady was a niece of the merchant, twenty-one years of age, and an heiress. In the course of a few months Frank's energy won the victory, and it was understood that they were engaged.

The merchant did not like it. Being somewhat exclusive in his ideas of social intercourse, the prospective marriage of his wealthy niece to a poor retailer, was repugnant to the last degree, and he resolved to thwart the purpose of the loving couple.

At first he appealed to the lady; but she only laughed at him, and told him bluntly that she loved Mr. Howard and would have him. Then he reasoned with Frank on his ingratitude to him, his benefactor. The young man was touched, and promised to consider it.

He did consider it, and his loving inamorata helped him to consider it. After a short deliberation, it was unanimously agreed to lay the whole matter "on the table."

Mr. Allen was informed of the decision, and as old fogies always do when they cannot do anything else, but his lip, and swallowed his words, fully resolved to do something dreadful whenever an opportunity occurred.

A year after my friend went into business, as I passed his store one morning, I was not a little surprised to find it closed. Before the window was that ominous white cloth, denoting that the occupant had failed.

I entered the store. Frank stood at his desk, gazing with a woebegone aspect at the pages of his ledger.

"How's this, Frank?" I asked—and never was more surprised in my life.

"But up; don't you see?" replied he, rather petulantly.

"But what does it mean?"

"Mean? why that I had a note of a thousand dollars due yesterday, which I could not pay; and this morning early, my invaluable friend, Mr. Allen, put in a keeper—that's all."

"How does it happen? I thought you were doing a rushing business."

"So I was; I had the money to pay this note, six weeks ago, and let Smith have it at two per cent, a month," replied he, with a ghastly smile.

"And Smith has failed."

"Not exactly; he has stopped, but every body says he is good—if he has time to turn himself."

"And you must make a fail of it in the meantime?"

"If I could only save Mr. Allen off a couple of months, I could get out of the scrape with flying colors."

"Won't he wait?"

Frank shook his head; he had mortally offended the proud merchant, and there was no prospect that he would be lenient in the slightest degree.

"Can't you raise the money?"

"Not times haven't been so hard for four years. Every body is failing, and the money men won't trust their own fathers."

At this moment Mr. Allen entered the store. He looked stern and severe, like one who has

the power in his own hands, and is disposed to use it. I seated myself near the desk, as he approached.

The merchant politely saluted the unfortunate dealer, smiling as blandly as though nothing had happened—as though he had no niece, and Frank were a Stoic.

"Mr. Howard, this is unfortunate; but in the midst of so much commercial disaster, you perceive that it was my only course," said the merchant, soothingly.

"I suppose it was; but you know the cause of my inability to pay the note," returned Frank with a doleful expression.

"Ah, young man, you ought not to have lent the money to Smith; if you had asked my advice, I could have told you better."

"Smith was always supposed to be good."

The merchant shook his head.

"But Mr. Allen, give me a short time, and I can pay the note. Smith assures me he shall recover himself."

"Mr. Howard, I certainly wish you well; I have done all I could to give you a fair start."

"So you have, sir, and I am very grateful to you."

"Are you?" and the merchant fixed a keen glance upon the young man.

"I assure you that I am."

"How have you manifested it?" said the merchant, sternly.

"Well, what shall be done? You have stopped me; I can do no more."

"I don't wish to be hard; I would wait if prudence would justify it," said Mr. Allen, who was keenly sensitive in regard to his reputation for generosity and fairness.

In fact he was a man of good feelings, and only that he meant to punish Frank for falling in love with his wealthy niece, would not have disturbed him.

"You are just as secure two months hence, as now," pleaded Frank.

"I have not that confidence in you, Mr. Howard—I say it frankly—which I had once. You have lost a thousand dollars. I doubt if your stock, under the hammer, would pay my notes."

Frank looked savage, for though crest-fallen, he was Frank Howard yet, and he keenly felt the unjust imputation of the merchant.

"I wish to be fair, and even indulgent," continued Mr. Allen, before Frank had time to utter the ungracious sentiment that rose to his lips. "Here is the note; give me one good endorser, and I will wait two months."

Frank looked up and smiled in contempt at the miserable subterfuge of the merchant who meant to crush him, and still preserve an appearance of fairness. He knew it would be impossible for the young man with his stock encumbered, to procure the security.

"Will you take Smith?" asked Frank hurriedly.

"Of course not," replied Mr. Allen, with a bland smile.

"I will see what can be done; but I think the case is hopeless."

The merchant withdrew, satisfied in his own mind that his revenge was sure, and his reputation safe, at the same time.

Frank and myself canvassed the matter, but we could think of no person whose milk of human kindness was sufficiently abundant to prompt him to do such an insane act.

While we were debating the matter, Frank was struck up by the entrance of Miss Allen.

"How gloomy you look to-day, Frank," said she, laughing and showing in the act the prettiest row of pearls teeth I ever saw.

"We are gloomy, indeed," replied Frank, mastering a sickly smile. "But you know the reason."

"Why, what reason?" asked she, her pretty face rufousing into a serious one.

"You see that man?"

"Yes."

"He is a keeper!" replied Frank, with tragic effect.

"A keeper of what? Are you insane?" responded the lady, playfully, for it must be confessed she was not acquainted with the technicalities of business.

Frank laughed, and explained the disaster which had overtaken him.

"Poh!" exclaimed she, with an appearance of relief, and I really believe if the keeper and myself had not been in the way, she would have thrown her arms around his neck, and kissed away the mortification.

I had before been introduced to the lady, and at this moment advanced to join in the conversation.

"And my uncle is the wretch?" continued she, merrily. "But what can you do; how can you get out of it?"

Frank explained the proposition to procure an endorser for the note. The light-hearted maiden appeared to have but little sympathy for the misfortunes of her lover, and asked all sorts of questions about endorsers, notes, and business forms.

"Where is the note you are to have endorsed?" asked she.

"Mr. Allen has it."

"How can you have it endorsed then?"

"I can write another!" replied Frank, smiling at the innocence of his betrothed.

"Then write one," said she, promptly.

Frank looked at her a moment, to ascertain what mischief was lurking in her mind. She smiled apparently without the power to prevent it.

The lover, impelled by curiosity as much as any other motive, wrote the note and signed it.

"Now how do you endorse it?" asked she.

"By writing the name across the back."

The lady approached the desk, and turning the note, wrote with two dashes of the pen.

"Isabel Allen," across it.

"It is endorsed," said she, with a smile, which told Frank all she meant.

"But Isabel—"

"Good morning, Frank," interrupted she, and hastened out of the store.

He smiled doubtfully; his pride was a little touched.

"Would you use it?" said he, after a long pause.

"Use it? to be sure," and he did use it.

In the afternoon Mr. Allen called, satisfied in his own mind that he should witness the complete humiliation of the young man, who had the audacity to fall in love with an heiress.—Knowing at what hour he would call, I was careful to be present.

"Well, Mr. Howard, how have you succeeded. I have really been in hopes you will be able to secure the paper," said the merchant, and I could plainly discern the malicious chuckles on his face, as he spoke.

"I have succeeded, Mr. Allen, and I am infinitely obliged to you for your good will."

The merchant was completely staggered at the reply. It was wholly unexpected, and wholly

unwelcome also.

"I trust you have procured a good one," said he, plaintively.

"A wealthy one, but a name unknown on State street."

"Can't take it then," answered the merchant promptly, and with renewed hope.

"But a name well known to you